

Meet Noble

by Fuego En Mi Corazon

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Summary: Have you ever wanted to meet Noble Team? I know I have. Here's your chance-give me a full OC, and which Noble member you would like them to spend the day with, and I will write up a chapter for you! First come, first serve, so if you want to be the first to spend a day with Noble, GIVE ME AN OC! Chapter 8 for thedeathbacon complete!

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*This isn't so much a chapter as an. . . announcement.\*\***

This story will allow you, or an OC you create, to spend one day with any of the members of Noble team. First come, first serve. Give me your OC, and the Noble member you want him/her to hang with, and I will write an ENTIRE CHAPTER about this. No cruddy, short, chapter. But a good, detailed piece of writing.

As soon as you turn in some OCs, I can start writing. SO get to work, people! Here's the form, please fill out all requirements.

First Name:

Middle Initial:

Last  
Name:

Age:

Hair:

Eyes:

Skin:

Race:

Height:

Weight:

Homeworld:

Occupation(student/UNSC enlist/Spartan II or  
III/ODST/Insurrectionist/AI) :

Rank(if applicable):

Specialization:

Fighting style/ weapons:

History(with family):

Personality:

Noble Member:

Other:

Just copy and paste this to the review thinger, and fill in the  
blanks so I can begin! Thanks!

-Medical Gunner

Here are a few rules I'd appreciate if you took a look at. They  
aren't too bad really, and they're the difference between you getting  
a chapter written and me laughing at you.

(1) Don't submit your OCs through PM. It's a pain to keep track of  
whose to write next that way. All you guys who have already sent me  
Ocs through Pm as of 2/26, I'll still write your chapters as this is  
a new rule.

(2) Fill out the whole form. It's not hard!

(3) If you submit an OC, follow the danged story. I'm not gonna write  
for someone whose not gonna read the bloody chapter. Exceptions are  
guests. (JUST GET A DANG ACCOUNT!)

If any of these rules are violated, I won't write a chapter for your  
OC, so pay attention!

## 2. Chapter 1 for RicBP

**\*\*This is for RicBP, by request through PM. \*\***

Pop, pop, pop. Richard Brown's magnum's shots hit their mark every  
time, he stepped over the dead bodies of grunts, elites, and brutes  
whose skulls were punctured perfectly with a single round. "Not too  
many Covvies today! Wonder if they're getting' scared. . .?"  
Richard's comrade rattled off, chatty as usual. He merely grunted,  
which wasn't even audible over the comms. He scolded himself for not  
joking back or at least saying something aloud, but by then it was  
too late, and he just pumped more lead into his enemy.

"What's taking you so long, Brown?! That's the last of 'em!" His comrade, a loud woman of the same rank as him, hollered, one foot atop an elite's body. "Look what I killed! Think I can hang its head on my wall?" Rich merely rolled his eyes, not caring to disrespect the dead of the enemy. It wasn't that he sympathizedâ€”he just thought it was a waste of time.

The battlefield that had mere moments ago been a high-stress firefight packed with burning hot plasma and speeding slugs had turned eerily quiet. While his comrade Lucy boasted about her kills and started counting how many she had hit, Richard started scouting the area. This was the first time he had ever been on a silent battlefield.

Suddenly a blast of raw energy, heat, and light erupted from behind himâ€”where Lucy was. He pulled out his magnum, spun on his heelâ€”and froze. Three Wraiths, their surfaces bulbous and purple, like some grotesque growth on a dying human. At least, that's what he usually thought. But right now, he was thinking,

"S\*\*t"

Lucy was dead, spread-eagled across the ground, an ugly plasma burn distorting and disfiguring her body. Richard popped off several rounds from his magnum, but the little gun was no use against the huge tanks. Bam-bam-bam-bam. At the speed he was firing it could almost be mistaken for automatic fire.

The click of an empty mag always turned his stomach upside down, more so this timeâ€”it was his last mag. Throwing the magnum to the ground, he pulled his combat knife from his shoulder strap. It was useless against the huge, gliding tanks, but he had to try.

Richard rushed at the tanks, knife raised above his head. The tank charged him, ramming into him. He slid up the front of the tank, slashing with his knife, not even scraping the metal. He was too close for them to hit him, unless one of the other tanks wanted to shoot their own menâ€”not that he would put it past them. The Covenant didn't care what was sacrificed as long as humans ceased to exist.

"Clear the Wraith!" Bellowed a voice, with a heavy accent that belonged to Reach. Richard turned in the direction, and found the voice's ownerâ€”a Spartan II. Unlike most ODSTs, Richard looked up to the Spartans. They were heroes to him.

Instantly Richard obeyed, rolling down the side of the tank and ducking for cover. \_Strange\_, he thought, \_he's too big to be a Spartan III, but he has colored armor. . . \_The Spartan II wielded a huge turret at his side, its fire tearing up the Wraiths as if they were paper. Stunned, Richard stood dumbly in the middle of the battlefield, watching the Spartan tear up the tanks.

In a few minutes, the Spartan walked over to him. "All clear," The Spartan placed a heavy hand on Richard's shoulder. "It's Jorge, by the way. The LZ's clear. We're leavin'."

Richard took a moment to take it in. "Sir, do you mean. . .we're just letting 'em have it, sir?"

Jorge's voice was heavy with grief. "If there was anything I could do to keep the Covenant from glassing this planet, I would do it. But there's not, and we're not gonna be much help to the rest of humanity if we turn to glass with it." Richard nodded, glad that his ODS helmet disguised his face, which clearly displayed his sadness. This planet was where his father had been born. It felt as though he was letting the last part of his dad that he had go.

He did not reply, but followed Jorge to the Pelican, and boarded along with a few other Spartan IIIs. The color of their armor varied, from blue to gray to red, and they all seemed to be unusually cold to him. He had thought that only Helljumpers didn't like Spartans, but apparently the feelings were mutual.

Jorge sat next to him on the end. The Pelican rattled as it left the atmosphere, and eventually smoothed out as they entered space.

Richard felt a pressure in his gut, and it had nothing to do with Gs. He had always been nervous when talking to anyone, and he preferred to stay quiet. But it was a bad habit that had gotten him yelled at, teased, and, almost left for dead because there wasn't any chatter from him on the battlefield.

Now his entire unit was gone, and he was alone. He didn't know where he was going for sure, all he knew was that he was being taken care of. Through training, though, they had been taught not to let anyone take care of you completely, because they might not outlive you. You needed information. So Richard took a deep breath, smoothed his emotions, and asked,

"Where are we headed?"

Jorge turned to him, and removed his helmet. "Reach." He said the word fondly, like he was speaking of his wife back home.

"That your homeworld, sir?" Richard asked, gazing at Jorge's face. It was bearded, with white scars lining it like tattoos, and silver hair cropped out of his short brown hair.

"Yep. Been there for as long as I can remember. Why don't you take your helmet off?" Jorge looked at Richard's name tag, "Brown?"

Richard put his hands up to his helmet, and lifted it off, slowly. With helmet removed, his young face came into view. His skin was pale, but not so that he looked unhealthy. With his short black hair spiked up, and dark armor, his hazel eyes contrasted brightly. He was young, but he'd had a several months in the field. And that had been enough.

"Why'd you enlist, Brown?" Jorge looked him in the eye, and Richard fought the impulse to look away.

"Well, sir. . .to be perfectly honest, I didn't plan to originally. It was my father—he was a Helljumper himself, and wanted me to be like him. I enlisted for my father basically." Richard scoffed and laughed bitterly to himself. "Which proved to be a waste, because now my father's dead. There's no reason for me to be here."

Jorge sat back in his seat. "There's always reason. It's because of you, even if you don't want to be here, it is because of you that some other kid down there doesn't have to enlist. And maybe that kid will get to grow up without fear of losing his family."

Richard took the words in, sitting back in his seat and staring at the space in front of him. The shadows moved in front of him, and one of the Spartans growled at him, what are you lookin' at?" Richard turned back to Jorge, opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. He seemed to have exhausted his socialization abilities already. \_Really?\_ He scolded himself. \_What's wrong with you? Think of something to say! \_

He was spared the task of subject finding: "You ever been to Reach?"

"A few times, sir. Not that much, only for training."

"It's a great place, Reach is."

Richard nodded, "All I know of it is industrial and military. I've heard the country areas are very beautiful, though, sir."

Jorge nodded. "You're right. It really is a beautiful planet. See, that's why I keep coming home to it. Even if we lose one planet, I'll always have Reach to go back to. And if the Covenant come to our doorstepâ€they'll regret it, and I'll go down fighting."

Richard could think of no reply to this, so sat dumbly, angry at himself.

"How old are you, Brown?" Jorge asked when the silence stretched out.

"Nineteen as of yesterday." Richard jumped on the chance to give out easy information.

Jorge heaved a sigh. "That's awfully young for you to be clear out here. And that's not a local accent. Where you from?"

"Earth." Richard replied easily. He could do this.

"I've never been there. What part?"

"The US, in the suburbs."

"So you're not a country kid?"

Richard actually laughed, not his normal awkward laugh either, "No. There's not much country left in the US anymore, anyway."

Jorge chuckled softly. "No, I imagine not."

The way to Reach was long, and Richard dozed in and out of sleep. When he was awake he talked with Jorge, when he wasn't he dreamed of his father, and of all the burning planets. Of all the futures that were destroyed, some before they even began. So many killed. .

.

Richard did have a reason to fight. And Jorge had given it to him.

\_ "It's because of you, even if you don't want to be here, it is because of you that some other kid down there doesn't have to enlist. And maybe that kid will get to grow up without fear of losing his family." \_

\*\*I find it hard, to an extent, to use OCs without some predefined story line. Suggestions are helpful, but I can always figure it out!  
\*\*

### 3. Chapter 2 for Harbinger of Doom

\*\*For Harginger of Doom\*\*

"I have squashed you like the little bug you are!" Mikhail, a monster even for a Spartan II, measuring in at 7'10" and weighing 490 pounds, bellowed as he squashed another man-sized Drone under his boot. His voice was heavily accented with Russian, and his personality reflected his heritage on the battlefield. His LAAG, personalized by himself, tore through the enemy ranks of Grunts and Elites.

Neither him nor Jorge had even any need to aim any longer, the wide spray of their twin LAAGs hitting always an enemy, and Drones fell from the sky like rain. \_Good thing we're here alone, without any clumsy Marines for us to trip over.\_ Mikhail thought, but he kept the thought to himself.

For many, the Covenant force that surrounded them would have been overwhelming, but the Spartan IIs remained calm and destroyed the enemy at a surprising rate. An Elite, its squad of Grunts dead or gravely injured, charged at Mikhail, roaring in anger. As they often are, the Elite was blinded by rage and hatred, a fearsome combination for such a powerful creature.

Mikhail turned to face it, grinning under his helmet. Not an ounce of him had fear for the Covenant, but not an ounce contained pity, either. A dangerous combination for the Covenant. "Let us wrestle, little man." Mikhail growled, setting his LAAG on the ground and stooping into a battle stance. The Elite charged, and he easily deflected the punch the Covvie aimed at his head with a side swipe. Mikhail feinted an attack at the Elite's stomach with his knee, then landed a blow to his skull with his right fist.

Picking up his LAAG again, he aimed at the air, roaring along with the deafening sound of his gun as Drones tumbled to the ground, bleeding or too injured to fly. "Jorge, my friend, I do believe we are winning."

Jorge grunted in reply, finishing off the last of a small group of Drones on his side of the meadow. Previously, the meadow had been a haven where you might expect to see Bambi. Now it was littered with corpses— all Covenant.

Swinging his LAAG by his side as if it were a picnic basket, Mikhail strode over to Jorge, whom he towered over. "Are we done here?" When not in the heat of battle, he was a calm man, and he sobered up right away.

"I suppose so, for the night. Although we will never be through until the Covenant cease to exist." Jorge replied, his face lined with fatigue. He and Mikhail should've been the same age, and technically, they were. But Mikhail had spent more than seven years in cryosleep, and his face was less scarred than most Spartan IIs by then.

"Set up camp, then?" Mikhail wandered to the edge of the trees. He sat down and leaned against a huge oak tree, setting his LAAG within reach. Jorge sat next to another tree, facing him.

"So we spend another night out here, eh?" Mikhail growled. "How boring. They could at least get us some different food." He lifted up an MRE and glowered at it.

Jorge chuckled softly. "We're Spartan IIs, and we're not exactly that high up in rank. The top brass thinks of us as pawns more than people. Valuable pawns, more so than marines, but pawns all the same." Jorge ripped an MRE packet in half, picking the contents out and eating them. "At least we get to sit down for a meal instead of popping pills."

They passed the rest of the meal in silence, more or less, their ears strained for any sound—enemy or ally, they would know if someone was coming. They buried the MRE wrappers in the ground and recovered the areas so they would not be seen.

"I'll take first guard." Jorge offered.

"Forget it, comrade. I can't sleep with the thought of little Covvie babies lurking in the cold, dark woods." Suddenly bushes somewhere behind them, deeper in the forest, rustled. The two Spartans froze, remaining utterly silent. The grumblings and guttural noises of Grunts bickering with each other drifted to their superhuman ears, muffled by the forest. Jorge and Mikhail stood, not a twig cracking under their feet, even though they weighed hundreds of pounds.

The Grunts' grumbling neared them, the Covvies sounded like a marching band tramping, lost, through the forest. Mikhail grinned, not picking up his LAAG, but crouching down, ready to take on the Grunts silently, with his deadly fists.

Jorge followed suit, crouching behind a tree. But even though he was attack ready, he knew Mikhail would take care of the enemy before they knew whether he was a Spartan or a freak storm.

A Grunt pushed through a clump of bushes, and sounded like he was cursing, tearing cobwebs and sticks off him. Another followed, a little taller than the previous, then two more. Still they didn't see the Spartans in the shadows, and a feeling of joy erupted in Mikhail's chest.

Mikhail burst out from behind his tree, exclaiming at the Grunts, "You are so small! Ees funny to me!" Jorge sighed, thinking \_Might as well have used the LAAG if he was going to holler that. . .Mikhail grabbed a Grunt by his neck, and cracked it to the side, killing it instantly.

The other Grunts squealed in fear and turned to run back into the woods, and Mikhail cried, "Like little pigs, you are! Pathetic!" He kicked another Grunt's gas tank, denting it in and puncturing it. The

Grunt ran around in circles, suffocating, grabbing onto anything moving as if to beg for help. Unfortunately for it, the Grunt grabbed Mikhail's leg, and briefly its head fell to the ground, separate from its body.

"Come here, little piggies." Mikhail growled lowly. The other two Grunts had gotten away—or thought they had, as already they were making as much noise as before. Mikhail turned right, and there they were, cowering together behind a boulder. No weapons, nothing—Mikhail didn't think much of it, just swiftly ended their lives simultaneously with a swift blow to the head for each.

"Are you ready? I think we've given away our position by now." Jorge spoke softly.

Mikhail turned to look at his smaller comrade. "Yes. I suppose we have."

The two Spartans disappeared into the forest, into the shadows, silent, and lethal.

#### 4. Chapter 3 for AscendantTime's Mistress

**\*\*For Ascendant. Seriously, just get an account! \*\***

That's Covenant. Lex thought, gripping the knife in her hand. The wooden handle dug into her palm, but she hardly felt it. The adrenaline rushing through her blocked out the pain. She sniffed the air again, and the rancid, almost sewer-like smell almost overcame her. It was nasty, and it took all she had to keep from gagging. At least she knew the beast was close.

The gurgling, guttural noises that sounded from the Brutes' throats sickened her almost as much as the smell. They were so foreign. She liked to joke, when she was in school and had heard about the Covenant's guttural language, about how they must sound like Germans. It wasn't funny now, but she thought it all the same.

Several Brutes were gathered together, some sitting, some standing. All were making the awful sounds that seemed sort of like laughter. They were eating something, something much smaller than them, something that's blood was red—humans. They were eating the dead soldiers and civilians that were strewn around, some just dead, some getting there.

Lex choked back a cry. It was horrible. But she wouldn't become food, not like that, anyway. Well, technically when she died and was buried, she would decompose and provide food for all sorts of things.

She shook her head, getting herself to concentrate on moving silently. There was no way to go but past the Brutes. Only one way out. Lex crouched down, creeping in the shadows of the large room, knife in hand. Her thighs burned from crouching and walking. She never had been big on exercise of the body. She wasn't unfit, but her mind was stronger than her body.

A crack. Before she was even sure what it was, Lex groaned inwardly. Looking down, she noticed a stick, right under her foot. The Brutes



had heard it, too. A huge one, presumably a male, gurgled something and walked over to where she crouched in the shadows.

Hoping to surprise the beast, she popped up, holding the knife on both hands, pointing it at the Brute. \_I really wished I had a gun.

—

Unphased by the knife, the Brute grabbed her by the neck with one arm. Lex gave a strangled cry as she fought for breath, lashing out with the knife and her feet, but not getting anywhere near to hurting the Brute. Her vision was tunneling and going black. . .

Gunfire peppered the Brute and his comrades, Lex fell to the ground, knocking what little air she had left out of her lungs. She gasped for air, at the same time crawling over to the wall. She covered her head, and waited for the firing to stop while she breathed the sweet air. The sweet, rancid-Covvie-smelling air.

"Are you okay?" A voice said. She looked up for her eyes to meet an orange visor, in an orange helmet, on an orange armored body.

Lex nodded. "Your a Spartan." She stated, collecting herself. She stood, refraining from brushing herself off. She looked around for her knife, but it was no where to be seen. Probably under one of the dead Brutes' bodies. She didn't care to be digging around in \_that\_ mess.

"You have a weapon?" The Spartan asked, straightening from his crouch to his full height. She was a little taken aback, but there was still not much surprise in her. He was a Spartan, after all.

"Not anymore." She replied.

"We'll fix that." Jorge tossed a magnum her way. She caught it, somewhat clumsily. "You know how to use that?"

Lex nodded, "Yeah, more or less." She got the feel of the gun, aiming at nothing in particular.

"I'm Jorge, by the way." The Spartan's voice had an accent. Lex recognized it immediately.

"Lex. Are you from Reach?" She walked up next to him.

Jorge looked down at her, "Yes. I'd die to protect it from the Covenant."

There was a great deal of seriousness in his voice, and Lex was somewhat taken aback at the fact that anyone could care so much for a planet. Obviously it was his homeworld, but for Lex, it didn't matter what was turned to glass. Her family was dead, and personally, she didn't care to have any relationships that weren't purely academic or an asset to her.

More angry gurgles shattered the peace and their conversation. Brutes, bringing fresh stench into the large room, started firing their spikers at them. Lex had one in her crosshairs, finger poised to pull the trigger. Generally she was against violence, but these Brutes stank so dang bad—"bam!

She pulled the trigger, the kick throwing her hands up a couple inches. She swore under her breath. The bullet had found its mark, but the injured Brute merely roared in anger and pain. He charged at her, and she looked it right in the eyeâ€”a deadly mistake. The beast bellowed even louder as if he had been insulted.

Fear shocked through her as the beast was nearly on top of her. Frozen, she forgot the gun in her hands, and backed up several paces. \_S\*\*t! \_Was her only thought.

A massive figure shoved his way in front of her, firing a huge machine gun that's bullets ripped the Covenant to shreds. Shaking, Lex watched as the Spartan Jorge tore down each and every alien there single handedly. She had laughed at Spartans a bit before, saying that they were all brute strength, that they couldn't win the war with muscle. They had to use their brains.

Right then, she ate those words. Lex could picture that single Spartan taking down the entire Covenant army. Which she knew was impossible, but the thought came to mind. As the last brute fell, thudding on another's body, Lex stood a ways behind Jorge.

"Let's get moving." Jorge said over his shoulder, stepping over the dead bodies of Brutes.

Lex nodded, running over the bodies to catch up with the Spartan. She practically had to jog to keep up with him. At five feet, she practically had to jog to keep up with \_anyone.\_ "Thanks. For saving me." She said, then fell into an awkward silence.

Jorge nodded, "That's my job."

The two walked out into the streets of the city. It was quiet at their location, but the echoes of gun fire fell through the buildings to their ears. "So," Lex spoke quietly, as if afraid that she might wake sleeping Covvies, "What's the plan?"

Creeping forward all the while, Jorge explained, "Our goal is to make it to the beacon on top of one of these buildings. Then we can get off this planet."

Lex nodded, sprinting to keep up with the Spartan when he jogged, her gun ready. She hated the cold feel of it in her hands. Wasn't she supposed to be against violence? That's what she had always told everybody. But then, the times called for it.

They rounded a corner, and shrill cries indicated to the more experienced Jorge, at least, that there was a squad of Grunts ahead, and probably with an Elite captain. "Lex," He ordered, automatically aiming his LAAG, "Take out all the little guys. I'll deal with the big ones." He opened fire, a deafening roar, and Lex winced. She brought up the magnum, peering down the scope, aiming at the heads of the Grunts, several of which were taller than her. Most fell, but a few moved or her aim was off.

The gun clicked as she tried to fire a perfect shot at an especially tall Grunt. She swore inwardly, then called out, "Uh, how do I reload this?!" She didn't have another magazine on her.

Jorge sighed to himself. "Just hang on." He started to cut down as

many of the aliens as possible, swiping his gun from side to side. A few Grunts managed to sneak past him at his flanks, but he ignored them, assuming that Lex could deal with them.

She was rather like Halsey, he thought. He'd already taken a bit of a liking to her, and found her naiveté amusing.

Lex was more than capable of dealing with the Grunts. Give her a blunt object and a sticky situation and she'll fight till she's got nothing left. Three Grunts came racing at her, either to get away from the more dangerous Spartan or to avoid punishment from their Elite leaders. Either way, they were coming towards her. And that was a bad idea.

She smashed on across the head with her otherwise useless gun, then kicked one in the back as it rushed past her, crushing its gas tank. For a second she wondered what was in there, what they breathed, but another Grunt squealed and fell at her feet.

How could she kill it there? It was just lying there, sobbing, hugging her legs. She froze again, checking to see if there were any other enemies, but the last on that street was just collapsing under Jorge's line of fire.

She tried nudging it off of her, but it was much too heavy and had a strong grip. "Uh, Jorge. . .?" Lex called, unsure of what to do. The Spartan turned around, his LAAG swinging at his side as he held it from one hand. He saw the Grunt at her feet and hesitated a moment, as if deciding what to do. But then he continued forward, Lex staring helplessly at his visor, which concealed his features.

Jorge knelt down next to the Grunt, picking it up and throwing it. Lex thought for a brief moment that they could use it for information, but by then it was too late, the Grunt dead at Jorge's feet. Lex swallowed, and dropped the useless magnum, shrugging her shoulders in a "What now?" gesture.

Jorge picked up a plasma pistol and tossed it to Lex, who fumbled the catch but managed to keep it in her grip. "How do I use this?" She asked.

"Like this." Jorge shoved his huge hand into the back of the plasma pistol, showing Lex how to shoot rapidly or charge it for more damage.

"A fully charged plasma pistol is useful for taking down Covvies' shields."

"Right." Lex nodded thoughtfully, pretending he was just another instructor on Cygnus. She shoved her hand into the gun like she was putting on a glove, and had to use her other hand to hold it up. It was much heavier than the Spartan had made it look, and it lacked a scope—she would be shooting blindly. \_ I'll probably end up shooting myself. \_

The duo continued on through the city, Jorge in front and eliminating the majority of the enemy forces, Lex taking out the stragglers. A double squad of Grunts, with four Elites captains, jumped into life as they caught sight of the temporary team.

The Elites headed right for Jorge, firing their plasma rifles at the Spartan in hopes to take down his shields. His LAAG took down theirs faster, thought, and at the near-simultaneous death of their leaders, the Grunts scrambled left and right. The few that managed to escape Jorge's rain of lead were killed with quick bursts of plasma from Lex's pistol.

A deafening roar from just behind her. Lex spun on her heel, and found herself in the shadow of a massive Elite, its white armor glinting menacingly in the sunlight. \_S\*\*T! \_She thought, heaving the plasma pistol up and holding the trigger down.

Her gun was shaking in her hands as the charge built up, the Elite was charging at her, its energy sword blazing and sizzling with scorching heat. The plasma pistol was starting to burn her hands, yet even as the flash peeled from her skin she held on longer, even when she could hardly control the shaking any longer, she held on.

With a blast of light, noise, and heat, Lex released the trigger, firing a boiling ball of plasma at the towering Elite. It disappeared in a glowing cloud of debris for a moment, and Lex blinked, trying to get her eyes to adjust enough for her to see. She grinned, glad to have killed such a formidable foe, but her hope was too soon.

Out of the cloud of dirt walked a huge figure, hulking. Angry. As the energy sword buzzed to life, fear petrified her, and she stumbled backwards, tripping on a rock and falling down. The Elite crept ever closer. It rumbled something, something she didn't understand at first because the voice speaking it was so foreign, so horrible. .

.

"I will savor your pain."

The prongs of the energy sword punctured her gut, every second they were held there they burnt the flesh in her abdomen further. A thin line of blood tickled out the side of her mouth. Blood sizzled on the blade, evaporating as it touched the energy. Hissing, and becoming part of the atmosphere. A great amount of blood poured out the front and back of her wound, soaking her. As every drop of blood left her, she grew weaker, her vision tunneled, lined with soft blackness.

As the black overcame her, and she was losing consciousness, the rattle of machine gun fire stayed most prominent in her thoughts. And as the life faded out of her, the last words mumbled out of her dying mouth were, ". . .Jorge. . .Don't let them eat me."

\*\*This was a little different than what was really requested, but I didn't want to do the same thing three times in a row. It gets boring. \*\*

## 5. Chapter 4 for Brigadier Wolfee

\*\*I know it took me forever to update, and I know this chapter might not be as good as the other and I know. . .(rest is truncated)  
\*\*

\*\*Anyway I hope you enjoy this, even though I have massive writer's block. \*\*

"Lucas?" Carter asked the other Spartan III, who was sitting at the bar. He didn't know why he asked, he knew Lucas' name, and he was sure that it was Lucas that was holding a shot glass between his thumb and index finger, empty. The bar was lit with dim lights, soft and blue.

Women in short dresses flirted with civilian men around the bar, cigarette smoke gathering around the ceiling, tainting everything with its smell. Carter took the seat next to Lucas, whose pale skin looked bluish in the light.

"How did you feel, Carter? After you lost Thom?" Lucas asked quietly, in an accent so similar to Jorge's it made Carter cringe. He ordered a round of drinks for the two of them, hopelessly trying to drown away their mutual sadness in alcohol.

Carter breathed deeply. He was a Spartan. But did that mean he wasn't allowed to remorse in lost comrades? But how could he put the feelings into words? "I failed. I let him die, and Kat lose her arm. I'm their commander. I have to do better."

Lucas looked over at Carter, who was several years older than him. "Hm," he grunted in a sarcastic laugh, "That's how I felt after I left Maxim behind."

"There was nothing you could do."

"Nor was there anything you could do to save Thom or keep Kat's arm." Lucas took a swig from his cup. "I really wish we could get drunk." His shoulders sagged. There weren't a lot of places he could let them sag under the stress placed on him. But the civilian bar, in civilian clothes, with a trusted friend, that was okay.

"They're dead. But the rest of our teams aren't. So we have to keep it up." Carter emptied his glass, then stood and left the bar, and the tab, with Lucas.

~##~

Gun fire rattled off, Covenant fell, piling in great heaps so they could rot and ferment in their own blood. It didn't matter now that the mission wouldn't be finished, he didn't have a mission anymore, other than to get as many of the aliens dead on Reach as possible before he rotted as their's already were.

He kept thinking back to the night at the bar with Carter, as he stood alone, emptying round after round out of his gun, pumping hot lead into the homicidal Covenant.

\_They're dead.\_

Carter had said of their KIA comrades, then speaking of Thom and Maxim, now as Lucas relived the conversation, it felt as though Carter were talking of both their teams. By now, surely most if not all of Noble Team had to be terminated. Just like Planform was, save him. And not for long.

\_But the rest of our teams aren't.\_

They were now, not a bit of them unburned by plasma. Maybe one of

them was still alive, in a horrible half-existence as they watched their commander beat down by the enemies he fought so viciously.

\_So we have to keep it up.\_

What was there to keep up? His teamâ€”that had been his reason to keep fighting. But with them laying dead or dying, to be forgotten and trod on by the Covenant, the only thing keeping him going was the instinct that the instructors had beat into him back in trainingâ€”keep fighting till you're down. Was that how Noble Team had gone? Surely.

\_Lucas. . . \_

There were too many of them. He'd killed all the foot troops, all the Grunts, all the Brutes. But the Elites were roaring angrily now, activating their energy swords and rushing at him. There had never been too many for him to take on before. That, of course, was because he'd had a team on his back, but not this time.

"How much lead can you mother f\*\*\*\*ers take?!" He exclaimed to himself.

\_I really wish I could get drunk. . . \_

That hasn't changed, he thought. I still wanna know what it's like to be in love, I still want to feel what it's like to lead a team through a glassing, I still want to hear the scream of an Elite as I shoot it down. . . over and over and over again.

Just one more time. The Elites' scream deafened Lucas, a lone Spartan on a vast battlefield that dominated horizons. These Elites wouldn't kill him, not if he could help it. And he could. He still had something to fight forâ€”his mission. And right then, his mission was to eliminate every Covenant on that planet, even if he died trying. He would, he knew that. But it was okay, because right then, he didn't need to live any longer than past those last few moments.

Finally he emptied his last magazine, and whipped out his magnum, ready to shoot the slug right between the last Elite's eyesâ€”he wasn't there. All the Elites lay on the ground around him, dead or bleeding out and cursing him with their last breaths.

The sky was over cast, cloudy. Rain fell onto his visor as he looked up. Just a second of rest before he moved on, just one mome-

A single round. Silent, leaving a trail of purple behind it. Exploding out of the barrel a mile away, speeding through the air, finding it's mark. It exploded through on side of the helmet and out the other. The Covenant would claim Reach.

\*\*(continued from top) . . .and I know I've been writing really depressing stuff lately and I know. . .\*\*

## 6. Chapter 5 for Halo Lover 45

\*\* Author's Note (what else?): There were a few details with the form that I noticed, like how she's a Spartan II and only 27. But I just

let it go, so I don't want any of you other Halo nerds sniping at me.  
IT WASN'T MY FAULT. \*\*

\*\* If you're not nice to me, I'll tell Jun you stole Snipy. AND YOU  
KNOW HOW HE GETS. \*\*

Abigail pulled the trigger on her shot gun andâ€"BAM! The bullet  
blasted through the Hunter's back armor, spraying its greenish blood  
everywhere as it fell to the ground.

"Yo, Emile! Did you see that?! It was epic!" She cried over the  
comms, firing at the Hunter's furious and charging partner.

"Yeah, I saw it. But it's not gonna be as badass as this!" Emile ran  
up the back of the Hunter, then drove his kukri up through its neck.  
It howled, and Emile planted a plasma grenade, removed his knife, and  
jumped back.

Immediately the grenade detonated and the two of them were drenched  
in Hunter blood and guts.

"Booyah!" Abigail shouted, pumping a fist in the air. "What next,  
man?" She jogged over to Emile and slugged him playfully on the  
shoulder.

"Kill." He said, thrusting the kukri into its sheath and pulling out  
his shotgun. Bam! Bam! Bam! "Come one, come all, it's headshots for  
free!" He said like a cheesy commercial actor.

Grinning under her helmet, Abigail killed the small Grunts with a  
swift kick to the head, firing at Brutes and turning them to mush  
(with a few extra bullets after they were dead). They were completely  
surrounded, no incoming friendlies, no extra fire powerâ€"the two  
Spartans were in Heaven. All the Covvies they wanted, just for  
them.

Caught up in kniving a grunt in the head, Emile didn't notice the  
Elite towering over him, ready to slash down with a steaming energy  
sword. Without hesitating, Abigail grounded a Grunt, ran over to the  
Elite as only Spartans can run, and fired her sniper rifle at  
point-blank into the da\*\*ed thing's eye.

"Watch yourself." She informed Emile, before performing a spinning  
kick that would have stunned a ballerina into a Brute's chest,  
forcing it to the ground and then practically beheading it with her  
combat knife.

\_"Emile and Abigail come in." \_Their radios buzzed.

Slouching and pouting under his helmet, Emile replied. "Yeah,  
what?"

\_"Clear an LZ. We're bringing you home." \_Carter replaced the pilot.  
\_"Try not to get killed doing it, either." \_

"Consider it done, sir." They said together, shooting down Covvies  
faster than a boy can kick a tin can. "I bet I can take out more of  
'em than you in one go!" Abigail betted.

"Yeah, right! You can't 'cos your just a girl!" Emile japed

back.

"Wanna bet?" She laughed, firing on more Covvies. Thisâ€"this was bliss.

\*\*So I know this was really short but screw you too. No waitâ€"that's not what I meant. Nah, it's pretty much what I meant. This guy's not even following the story so what's the point in writing this?\*\*

\*\* Oh, and there are some new rules: (1) Don't send me OCs through Pm, please. It's a pain to keep track. All you guys that have already sent me OCs that was I'll write for, but anyone after today is gonna need to submit a review. \*\*

\*\* (2) FILL OUT THE WHOLOE FORM! Seriously! I'm not gonna write for a half-done OC! \*\*

## 7. Chapter 6 for Spartan-259 Raphael

\*\*Heya! I'm back with more chapters!\*\*

"Raphael!" Jun crackled over the radio. "Nice shot, man!"

Underneath his helmet, the Spartan II couldn't help but smile. "That Elite won't be getting up any time soon."

"But now look at the Grunts. They're just wandering around, completely lost without their leader." Jun said with a chuckle.

"They need a Spartan." Raphael said. He had a Brute in his sights, aiming right for the eye of the foolish creature which stood still, allowing the Grunt patrols to search for the source of the mysterious, deadly bullets. He pressed the trigger down half way, waiting to make sure that the Covvie didn't move-then BAM! The shot rang through the air, Raphael followed the trail to the target, who was dead before he even hit the ground.

"I've got more points than you, Jun."

"I guess I'd better catch up." Jun muttered, headshotting three Grunts with one bullet. "We need to change positions. They're figuring us out."

"They're all Grunts down there now." Raphael crawled down the small hill he had been sniping from, coming to the bottom and sneaking around wide to where Jun waited for him. He now spoke without the radio, "What do you say we just hit and run?" He suggested as he slung his sniper rifle onto his back, hefting his DMR.

"If you say so, Lieutenant. Just be careful not to lose another arm." He gestured to Raphael's robotic right arm.

"You sound like Jorge." Raphael muttered, barely audible.

"Say again Lieutenant?" Jun asked as he prepared to charge down the hill.

"Let's give 'em hell." Raphael stated. He sprinted down the hill



ahead of Jun, taking out Grunt after Grunt. This was too easy. Although he specialized in long range combat, he was formidable at hand-to-hand and close range combat styles as well. As long as they didn't get swamped. . .

The telltale whir of a Covenant drop ship alerted him of more troops imbound. Raphael looked up to the sky as he assassinated the last Grunt in the area, but by the size of the ship he assumed there'd soon be more to replace him.

Jun cursed as two heavy bodies thudded to the ground, taking lumbering steps to turn towards the Spartans as the dropship flew off to give some other poor UNSC soldier a very bad day. Two Hunters now faced them. Raphael sized them up, his golden eyes scanning them for weaknesses. He had killed plenty of Hunters from a distance, but this close he'd have to find other ways to fight them.

The ground between the two Spartans exploded as the green blast of plasma from one of the Hunters' cannons blasted between them.

"Good thing the Covvies don't use Hunters as Snipers." Raphael joked. "They're crappy shots."

Jun chuckled. "Got any frags? Let's blow these space worms."

Raphael checked his own belt. "No. Of course not. I'm a sniper, not a heavy weapons expert."

"Well," Jun started, "Check those Grunts for plasmas while I distract these guys."

As Jun started peppering the Hunters with useless assault rifle fire, Raphael made his way around the Grunts, picking up four or five plasma grenades. Now he knew he just had to stick them from behind, he'd heard other tales of successful Spartans really sticking it to the Hunters (no pun intended). But the problem was; Raphael himself had never actually held a real plasma, and had never been taught how to use it.

Inspecting the shiny purple orbs, they looked more like Christmas bobbles they hung on the tree at the barracks in wintertime. He turned one in his hand. There was a spot on it with a single Covenant symbol, looking like a button-a detonator.

With a shrug, Raphael depressed the button and chucked the grenade at one of the Hunters facing away from him, distracted by Jun. It turned into an angry ball of purple plasma that stuck to the back of the giant creature, exploding. The Hunter stumbled forward, and Jun's voice crackled through the radio.

"Nice! Now do it again before it kills me!"

Raphael himself was grinning beneath his helmet. He set another plasma grenade off, sticking it this time to the creature's head. His smile grew wider as one Hunter fell to the ground, but faded immediately as the other turned and blasted his cannon right at him.

The percussion of the blast reverberated through his body, even though he had-in the nick of time-activated his bubble shield. The

golden hexagons faded and fell away from around him as the charge failed, and the Hunter charged toward him. Raphael reached for another grenade, but the creature was already on top of him, ready to smash him to pieces with the gigantic, heavy shield it carried on its arm.

One, two, three shots rang through the air. The Hunter jerked upward into an awkwardly straight position, eyes rolling back into its head. Raphael stood stunned before it, forgetting to move as the giant Hunter fell forward onto him.

Gasping for air, Raphael groaned, trying to inch his way out from under the enormous carcass of the unmoving Hunter.

"I sniped a Hunter from close range. I think I'm the one with more points now."

Raphael sighed. "Just get me out of here Jun." He muttered, trying not to be grossed out from the slimy body of the Hunter as Jun dragged him out from under it.

\*\*Hello all! I've been taking a bit (more than a bit) of a vacation! Sorry about that. But I'm back, so look forward to more great chapters! If you want a rewrite-tough! I got peoples waitin'!  
\*\*

## 8. Chapter 7 for Grazehunter!

Sanders Henderson had never planned on joining the UNSC. He'd never planned on running, screaming away from the Covenant. He never dreamed he would see another world. And all because of something stupid he did.

Sanders was the proud third brother of seven kids of a family that consisted of a librarian and a curator. Although it was speculated his ancestors could be traced back to the Crusades, Sanders had never been one to actually like fighting, although that didn't mean he didn't enjoy watching it. One day, however, in a fairly drunken rage, he managed to become a public disturbance at four AM and was detained by law enforcement shortly after.

Despite the various accusations including the theft of at least five animals, most of them being birds and one goat, and the incineration of a toy store, Sanders was offered the option to clear his sentence if he joined the military. And so he did just that, hoping to be stationed somewhere he could lie around idly by, not doing anything of substantial value.

~~##~~

In other words, Sanders Henderson was one very upset man when he received word that the Covenant were on Reach. He would have to leave his nice job at the medical tent and fight the aliens he had signed on to battle, but avoided with careful excuses.

More upsetting was the fact that he would be joining a team of Spartans. Sanders stood before the desk of his commanding officer, jaw gaping to the floor after just receiving the news that he had been assigned as Noble Team's replacement soldier for the time

being.

"But I'm a Private First Class. Not a First Lieutenant." Sanders stated bluntly.

"There is no other suitable replacement, Henderson."

"But I'm a medic. I don't even \_do \_guns."

"You are dismissed, Henderson. You'll meet with with Noble tomorrow morning at Visegrad."

Taking a deep breath, Sanders turned on his heel and walked out the door, closing it behind him. Forgetting that the walls of the base were rather thin, and that there was a window in the door to his commander's office, he threw his arms up in the air, and shouted.

"GOD DAMN IT!"

~~##~~

The shotgun fired at whatever moved, Sanders trigger happy fingers popping shotgun pellets as fast as he could reload them. But his aim was crap.

Kat's shields lit with static as the pellets peppered her. She spun around, pausing from firing her magnum at the few Grunts still remaining around them to yell at him,

"Henderson! Watch your aim!"

"Shut up!" He yelled at the female Spartan in his amusingly unusual British accent, "Women shouldn't be on the battle field!"

Kat took out her irritation at his comment by headshotting every remained Grunt there. "How about we stop the gender-bashing?!"

"Don't blame me!" He exclaimed, shotgun now hanging even more uselessly than before (was it possible?) at his side. "Blame my ancestry!"

"Ancestry has nothing to do with sexism!" Kat exclaimed at him.

"Then it was my upbringing!" He quickly came back with a second excuse.

Kat face-palmed herself with her robotic hand. This was going to be a long day.

~~##~~

Sanders stroked his moustache thoughtfully. The six members of Noble Team were camping out for the night in an abandoned house, complete with food and, more entertainingly, booze. But not for Henderson. He hated any alcohol after the incident that landed him in the military. While Jorge jaunted into the living room with two barrels of the amber colored liquid, Sanders sneaked out the back into the

kitchen.

Maybe he could sneak out of the house and claim diarrhea or something in the morning. Or maybe he could desert the military altogether. . . But no. That wouldn't work. Surely one of the five Spartans would catch him.

Looking over at the counter, Henderson noticed another bottle of beer-but wait. Squinting, he could read the lable in the dim light. Ginger ale.

"Yesss." Henderson pumped his fist. He picked up a large beer mug, filled it with the ginger ale, and strutted back into the room with the rest of the Spartans. "Helloooo, Noble. Nice evening isn't it? Nice beer too, huh?" He purred, feeling even more full of himself than usual. The Spartans were all drinking real alcohol, surely they'd be drop-dead drunk and would never figure out that he himself wasn't drinking along with him.

But it didn't take long for the Spartans' advanced senses of smell to discover that their newest, most annoying member was enjoying a nice cold soda.

~~##~~

"It's an Elite!" Sanders yelled at the top of his lungs, his shotgun hanging uselessly in one hand at his side.

"Thanks, Captain Obvious." Emile growled as he took on the Elite, assaulting it with machine gun fire. The great alien fell at his feet, but neither of the two noticed a second Elite creep up behind Henderson. The towering alien pulled back its active camoflauged arm and prepared to strike the pathetic human with its energy sword. .

When the Elite's active camo wore off. The three of them just stood there, completely stunned. Emile staring at the Elite, the Elite staring at Emile, and Sanders deciding whether to shoot or run like hell from whatever was casting that big-ass shadow over him that he didn't dare to look at.

Run like hell. Opening his mouth so wide that his great, bushy manhood-er, moustache, poked into his nose, he screamed, "RETREAT!" Breaking into a sprint instantly, Henderson took off into the hills surrounding the area, leaving behind Noble Team and the Covenant.

He didn't stop running or plan to until something changed in him, or rather, something old and persistent and rather. . .\_noble\_. . .came over him.

\_I can't leave them now,\_ He thought, looking down at the battlefield from atop a hill. \_They need me\_.

Private First Class Sanders Bartholomew Henderson broke into another run. This time, like the last, his shotgun was almost completely forgotten in his hands, he was running as hard as he could, and he was yelling at the top of his lungs.

"TAKE THIS YOU ALIEN BASTARDS!" He screamed, entering the battlefield as Noble Team's newest recruit.

## 9. Chapter 8 for thedeathbacon

**\*\*Yes, I finally am getting to update more often. X'3 You're welcome!\*\***

Tom Anderson was having a good day. Top of the class for the second time that year, his fellow college students had better watch out. He was gonna get them good.

It wasn't that he was arrogant or snotty. And he wasn't exactly the typical nerd type, either. He was well liked by classmates, sociable, and great at a party. When he wasn't acing an exam he was hanging with his new college friends.

He never expected her to show up again. Malia Jones, the tomboy from highschool. As soon as they'd graduated she'd gone to bootcamp and been shipped off to Reach. Or so he thought. He never expected to see her in New Mombasa, where he was attending college, and he never expected to get tangled up with a bunch of Spartans.

It all started with one gigantic plasma explosion. The wave of heat echoed down the subway tunnel, flickering lights off and xisrupting radio signals. Lucky for Tom, his car was lined up just right with the station, as well as a few others, but as for the rest of the train, they were trapped.

Panic ensued as out of the tunnels flew hundreds and hundreds of bug-like creatures. They were giant, likee from some old horror movie. Firing plasma pistols into the crowd of rushing people, the buggers screeched to each other:

"This is too easy."

"Like shooting fish in a barrel."

Tom clutched his bookbag to his chest, shoving people out of his way to try and get up to the surface. What the hell was going on? Surely this was some terrorist-fueled mutant attack. They had made human Spartans, so maybe the Insurrectionists had made fly-Spartans? Regardless, Tom fought up the stairs in a chaotic mess of human bodies. Everyone was screaming, yelling for family, for others to get out of their way, for no particular reason other than they were scared.

It was hot and confusing, so when he finally managed to stumble out the top of the stairs and the crowd dispersed, melting away from him, Tom was relieved.

Until he looked up at the sky. A Covenant cruiser sat above the city not far from him, ready to blast a hole in New Mombasa with its ginormous canons.

~~##~~

"Malia?! How are you here?" Tom stuttered. His old classmate had ran into him as he tried to evacuate. Now he sat on the ground, dazed, while she stood over him.

"It's Lieutenant Jones to you, scum."

"Why?!"

Malia glared down at him.

"What?!" He exclaimed again. He wasn't getting over his shock very well.

"Emile!" Malia suddenly exclaimed over her shoulder, to someone Tom couldn't see. He tried to peer around her, but she moved just so she blocked his view. "We have a non-believer over here. Wanna come prove somethin' to him?"

The large Spartan thumped his way over to Tom. Even though he couldn't see his face through the helmet painted with the visage of a skull, Tom was pretty sure he was getting the death glare from the genetically enhanced supersoldier.

"Up." The Spartan growled at him. Tom glanced at his armor. 'Emile A-266' was printed in black letters on his chest. Standing up, Tom gazed up at the tall soldier.

"Heya." He said, raising a hand in greeting.

"Listen up, kid." Emile grabbed his collar. "I'm not hear to screw around. You're gonna do what I say how I say it. Got it?" He dropped Tom back to the ground.

Straightening his collar, Tom laughed nervously. "Do what? I was just about to get out of the city when I ran into. . ." He glanced at Malia. "How about I just be going now and you guys do you're military stuff alone. . ." He started backing away slowly, like you would from a bear or rattle snake.

:"No." Malia barked, grabbing his ear and dragging Tom along behind her and Emile. She had a surprisingly strong grip., he thought to himself as he followed the two along the city streets.

~~##~~

"You want me to WHAT?"

Emile sighed heavily. "Hack into the city's AI and initiate a forced shut down."

Tom frowned, standing in front of a computer terminal. He was smart. He had hacked before, but nothing like this. Tapping the touchscreen keyboard, he hesitated a moment. They stood inside an abandoned apartment, Covvies yelling below outside the window as they fought with Marines. A while back the three of them had heard the telltale crash of ODST droppods.

"Hurry it up, Anderson." Malia growled.

"Why do I have to do this anyway? What's the point?" Tom turned to the two suddenly. "And why me?"

"Because," Emile stepped forward. "I told you to."

"Gimme a real reason." Tom stepped forward as well, opening his arms out in an arrogant gesture. "I can leave anytime I want."

"Big man." Emile moved until he towered over him. "You better turn around and do what you're told."

"Emile-we might as well tell him." Malia stepped forward. "The Covenant are digging for something beneath the city. We need to shut down the city's AI, Virgil, as they're also trying to hack into it to find the layout of the city and quicken the pace of them finding their 'artifact.' I chose you because. . .I knew you could do it and I knew you were here."

Tom swallowed. "Then what happens after this?"

Malia shook her head. "We're not making it out of this city you know. Once the Covenant find out we shut down Virgil, they'll locate us and hunt us until they kill us."

Emile shifted in the background, his rifle held tightly in his hands. Memories of his teammates resurfaced. If Kat had made it out, they wouldn't need this dumb kid, she could hack anything. If only they hadn't all died on Reach, then maybe, maybe, they could've stopped that cruiser before it even got to Earth.

"Leave if you want to live." Malia said suddenly. "If you want to get outta here alive, go now. We'll let you. Just don't expect any thanks for running like a coward."

Tom bit his lip. "It's not like I'm going to be thanked anyway." He muttered, turning back to the terminal, working furiously to shut down New Mombasa's AI.

\*\*I had a bit of a hard time with this OC. It was really hard for me to do anything with him, but still, it was fun having someone not in the UNSC. I really want to have an OC that's an insurrectionist or an AI, do something a little less. . .Covenant-y. \*\*

## 10. Chapter 10 for Lady Xzephyr

Earemir Leafbeam. The only non-Spartan member ever admitted to Noble Team. Skilled, lethal, and to the point, Leafbeam was the perfect addition to the team after their last Six was lost.

But he was not accepted. How could someone who had killed his brother, out of self defense or not, be accepted onto a team of brothers (and one sister)? It was just not plausible. But nevertheless, Holland assigned him to the squad, and Noble eventually accepted him

Mission: Locate and exterminate an Insurrectionist leader; Kathreen Rainfield.

\* \* \*

><p>The ear piece crackled in Earmire's ear as Kat initiated the eaves dropping microbots she had built and planted in the office of the notorious terrorist mastermind Rainfield. She sounded beautiful, Earemir thought to himself, her voice smooth as it rolled through the

earpiece. He cracked his knuckles, loosened his shoulders, and prepared to dive into the room from the window he stood to the left of, on six inches of ledge.<p>

Thirty stories below, smog concealed the city streets from him. Drug deals, illegal weapon trades, rape. . .what else could be going on in the undercity, cloaked by the muggy clouds. He had never been down there much, several times for runner training or to take out a mob boss when he was hired by a rich father protecting his loose-lipped daughter. But, none of that mattered now.

Rainfield's voice was so relaxed, so easygoing, but from where the conversation between her and her guest was going, she was ready to draw a poisoned blade and plunge it into the unfortunate victim's heart.

He had to take her out before that happened, because the woman in there was a military gem-Catherine Halsey. Earemir stretched his arms out in front of him, while maintaining his balance, then grabbed the edge of the window. Heaving his weight in an arc over thin air, he swung himself in through the window, the safety glass not shattering but merely shying away from his boots as he crashed into the room.

Halsey looked over Rainfield's shoulder with the calm, cool look that she always maintained. Meanwhile, Rainfield spun around, aiming a small pistol at the large man facing her. "Stick 'em up, big boy." She growled, blond hair falling in her eyes.

"You, Kathreen." A gruff voice said from behind, coming up behind her and putting the cold barrel of the assault rifle against her neck. Emile towered over the fearful woman. "You're under arrest-"

"The hell I am." Kathreen grinned wickedly; Emile and Earemir exchanged puzzled glances. Halsey stood suddenly and walked out the door.

"I'd take the stairs down, if I were you."

Emile, gun still aiming down at Rainfield, ready to tear her apart, muttered, "Would it kill her to not be cryptic once in a while?"

"Donno the woman." Earemir drew his knife, a wicked dagger that had seen many throats cut. "And this one's not gonna be a problem anymore." He took a step toward her, then another.

Emile glanced at the new member of the team. "Ready?" He asked; Rainfield tried to dart between them, her eyes wild with fear. The large Spartan grabbed her arms and held her in front of him.

"Ready." Earemir cracked his knuckles once more, then bared the knife. Rainfield's scream faded as she drowned in her own blood. He hadn't even realized that the knife had sliced her carotid artery. It just happened. Like all those times before.

\*\*I haven't updated in a long time. Sorry guys! Been feeling like crap lately.\*\*



End  
file.